

Treasure Island

Perhaps the Greatest Adventure
Romance in All Fiction
By Robert Louis Stevenson

CHAPTER I.
The Old Sea-Dog.

SQUIRE TRILAWNEY, Dr. Livesey and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 18—, and go back to the time when my father kept the Admiral Benbow inn and the brown old seaman, with the sabre-cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre-cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterward:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
In the high, old tottering tower that
seemed to have been tuned and
broken at the captain's bars. Then he
rapped on the door with a bit of stick
like a handspike that he carried, and
when my father appeared, called
roughly for a glass of rum. This,
when it was brought to him, he drank
slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering
on the taste, and still looking about
him at the cliffs and up at our sign-
board."

"This is a handy cove," said he, at
length; "and a pleasant stay-at-home
shop. Much company, my very little
company, the more was the pity."
"Well, then," said he, "this is the
berth for me. Here you, matey," he
cried to the man who trundled the
barrow; "bring up alongside and help
up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he
continued. "I'm a plain man; rum
and bacon and eggs is what I want,
and that head up there for to watch
ships off. What you might call me? You
might call me captain. Oh, I see
what you're at—there; and he
threw down three or four gold pieces
on the threshold. You can tell me
when I've worked through that said
he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And, indeed, bad as his clothes
were, and coarse as he spoke, he
had none of the appearance of a man
who sailed before the mast, but seemed
like a mate or skipper, accustomed
to be obeyed or to strike. The man
who came with the barrow told me
that he had met him down the morning
before at the Royal George; that he
had inquired what inn he was at,
along the coast, and had been told
spoken of, I suppose, and described
as a lonely, had chosen it from the
others for his place of residence. And
that was all we could learn of our
guest.

He was a very silent man by cus-
tom. All day he hung round the cove,
upon the cliffs, with his telescope;
all evening he sat in a corner of the
parlor near the fire, and drank
rum and water very strong. Mostly
when I was alone, he would come
only look up and stare, and then
blow through his nose like a fog-
horn; and we and the people who
came about the inn would never
let him be. Every day, when he came
back from his stroll, he would ask if
any seafaring men had gone along the
coast. At first he asked me, and
then of company of his own kind that
made him ask this question; but at
last we began to see he was desirous
to avoid them, and he would come
up at the Admiral Benbow (as he
called it) and then some, did making the coast
road to Bristol, he would look in at
him through the parlor, and he was
always sure to be as silent as a mouse
when any such was present. For me,
at least, there was no secret about
matters; for I was in a way, a sharer
in his alarms.

He had taken me aside one day
and promised me a silver dollar, if I
would only keep my "weather eye
open for a seafaring man with one
leg," and let him know the moment
he appeared. "Often enough," when
the end of the month came round, and
I applied to him for my wage, he
would only blow through his nose at
me, and stare me down, but before
the week was over he would send
me a letter, it bring me his fourpenny
piece, and repeat his orders to look
out for "the seafaring man with one
leg."

Now that personage haunted my
dreams. I need scarcely tell you. On
stormy nights, when the wind shook
the four corners of the house, and
the gull roared along the cliffs, and
the sea was white with a thousand
foaming forms, and with a thousand
diabolical expressions. Now the leg
would be cut off at the knee, now at
the hip; now it would be a leg of
a creature who had never had but
the one leg, and that in the middle
of his body. To see him leap and
ditch was the worst of nightmares.
And altogether I paid pretty dear for
my monthly fourpenny piece in the
shape of these horrible fancies.

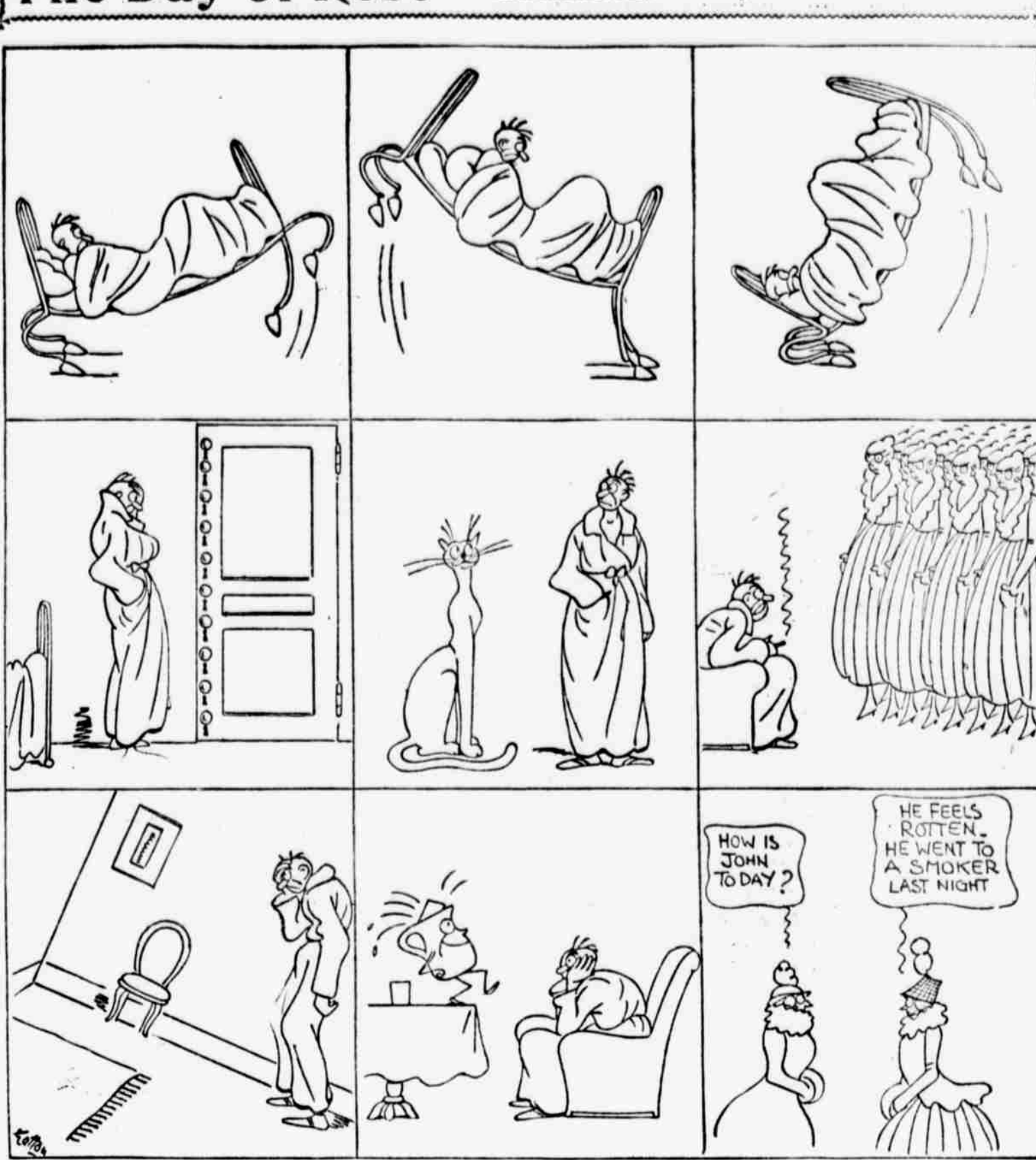
But though I was so terrified by
the idea of the seafaring man with
one leg, I was far less afraid of the
captain himself than anybody else
who knew him. He took a dark, more rum
and water than his head would carry;
and then he would sometimes sit and
sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, min-
gling nobody's but sometimes his own
company was not following his story.
Nor would he allow any one to leave
the inn till he had drunk himself
sleepy and fell off.

His stories were all dreadful stories
they were—about hanging, and walk-
ing the plank, and storms at sea, and
the Day of Wrath, and wild deeds
and places on the Spanish Main. By
his own account, he must have lived

The Day of Rest

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By Maurice Ketten



evening, and for many evenings to come.

CHAPTER II.
Black Dog Appears.

IT was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the Captain, though not, as we will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the time upon our hands, and were kept busy enough without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

At first I had supposed "the dead man's chest" to be that identical box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my mind with that of the legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed that it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment, quite angrily before he went on with the tale of Taylor, the gardener, and on a new cure for rheumatism. In the mean time the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the table before him, as if all was at an end—mean-silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before, speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a snarl, "You're a damned old fellow, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" said the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that it was as he replied, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir, that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a silver clasp-knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him, as before, over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice, "You're a damned old fellow, between decks!" and then he turned round, and with a look of calm, perfectly calm and steady.

"If you do not put that knife this instant into your pocket, I promise upon my honor, you shall hang at the next assizes."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU MET A
GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL GIRL

In the Springtime Forest and She
SAID—?

But What She Said Is Best Told In
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THE SPRING LADY

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It is not quite like the other stories you've read. And
it has a charm and originality that will appeal to you.

PLEASE DON'T MISS IT!

with earthquakes—what do the doctor

ing. Once, for instance, to our ex-
tremest wonder, he piped up to a dif-
ferent air, a kind of country love-
song that he must have learned in
his youth before he had begun to
follow the sea.

So things passed until the day after
the funeral and about three o'clock
of a bitter, frosty afternoon.

I was standing at the door for a
moment, full of sad thoughts about
my father, when I saw some one
drawing slowly and noiselessly along
the road. He was plainly blind, for he
tapped before him with a stick, and
wore a great green shade over his
eyes and nose; and he was hunched,
as if with age or weakness, and wore
a huge old tattered sea-coat with a
hood that made him appear positively
deformed. I never saw in my life a
more dreadful-looking figure. He
stopped a little from the inn and
raising his voice in an odd sing-song,
addressed the air in front of him:

"Will any kind friend inform a
poor blind man, who has lost the
precious sight of his eyes in the
gracious defense of his native coun-
try, England, and God bless King
George—where or in what part of
this country he may now be?"

"You are at the Admiral Benbow,
Black Hill Grove, my good man,"
said I.

"He gave a voice," said he, "a young
voice. Will you give me your hand,
my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

I held out my hand, and the horri-
ble, soft-spoken eyesore creature
gripped it in a moment like a vice.
It was so much startled that I started
to withdraw, but the blind man
pulled me close up to him with a
single action of his arm.

"Now, boy," he said, "take me in
to the captain."

"Sir," said I, "upon my word I
dare not."

"Oh," he sneered, "that's it! Take
me in straight, or I'll break your
arm."

He gave it, as he spoke, a wrench
that made me cry out.

"Sir," said I, "it is for yourself I
mean. The captain is not what he
used to be. He's a bit shaky, and
out. Here's a friend for you, Bill! If
you don't, I'll do this and with that
he gave me a twitch that I thought
would have made me faint. I thought
this and that, and then I instantly
turned by the blind beggar that I forgot my
error of the captain, and as I owned
the parlor door cried out the words
he had ordered in a tremulous voice.

"Then poor captain, raised his eyes,
and at one look the rum went out of
him and left him staring stupid. The
expression of his face was not so
much of terror as of mortal sickness.
He moved a moment, as if to rise, but
I began to move him at once, walking
straight in at the door and toward the
parlor, where the sick old buccaneer
was sitting, dazed with rum. The
blind man clung close to my arm, and
me in one iron fist and leaning al-
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CHAPTER III.
The Black Spot.

ABOUT noon I stopped at the
captain's door with some
cooling drinks and medi-
cines. He was lying very
much as we had left him,
only a little higher, and he seemed
both weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you're the only
one here that's worth anything; and
you know I've always been good to
you. Never a month but I've given
you a silver fourpenny for yourself.
And now you see, mate, I'm pretty
low, and deserted by all; and Jim,
you bring me one noshin of rum,
now won't you, matey?"

"The doctor," I began.

But he broke in cursing the doctor
in a feeble voice, but heartily. "Doc-
tors is all swabs," he said, "and that
doctor there, why, what do he know
about seafaring men? I been in
plains but he pish, and make drop-
pings around with yellow jack, and in
bleased land a-heaving like the sea

gallows and a man hanging from it—
done, as I thought, with great spirit.
"Prophet!" said the doctor, touch-
ing this picture with his finger. "And
now, Master Billy Bones, if that be
your name, will have a look at the
color of your blood, Jim," he said,
"are you afraid of blood?"

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the
bottle, and with that he took his
lantern and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken be-
fore the Captain opened his eyes and
looked mildly at him. First he
recognized the doctor with an unmis-
takeable frown; then his glance fell
upon me, and he looked relieved. But
suddenly his color changed, and he
tried to raise himself, crying:

"Where's the Black Dog?"

"There is no Black Dog here," said
the doctor "except what you have on
your own back. You have been drink-
ing rum; you have had a stroke pre-
cisely as I told you, and I have just
very much against my own will
dragged you headfirst out of the
grave. Now, Mr. Bones?"

"That's not my name," he inter-
rupted.

"Much I care," returned the doc-
tor. "It's the name of a buccaneer of
my acquaintance, and I call you by it
for the sake of shortness, and what
I have to say to you is this: On
glass of rum won't kill you, but if
you take one you'll take another and
another, and I stake my wig if you
don't break off short, you'll die. Do
you understand that? Lie, and go to
your own place, like the man in the
bibble. Come, now, make an effort.
I'll help you to your bed for once."

Between us, with much trouble, we
managed to bolt him upstairs and
laid him on his bed, where his head
fell back on the pillow, as if he were
almost fainting.

"Now, mind you," said the doctor,
"I clear my conscience—the name of
rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see
my father, taking me with him by the
arm.

"This is nothing," he said, as soon
as he had closed the door. "I have
drawn blood enough to keep him
quiet awhile; he should lie for a week
where he is—that is the best thing
for him and you, but another stroke
would settle him."

"Dear, dear me," said mother.
"What a disaster upon the house!
And your father sick!"

In the meantime we had no idea
what to do to help the Captain, no
other thought but that he had got
his death-knelt in the scuffle with
the stranger. I got the rum, to be
sure, and tried to put it down his
throat, but he was so weak and
shut and his jaws as strong as iron,
it was a happy relief for us when the
door opened and Doctor Livesey came
in on his visit to my father. "What shall
we do?" we cried, "what shall we
do?" "Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddlestick and end!"
said the doctor. "No more wounded
than you or I. The man has had a
stroke as I warned him. Now Mrs.
Hawkins, just you run upstairs to
your husband and tell him, if possi-
ble, nothing about it. For my part, I
must do my best to save this fellow's
wretched life; and Jim here will get
me a basin."

When I got back with the basin
the doctor had already ripped up the
captain's sleeve and exposed his
great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in
several places. "Here's luck," a fair
wind," and "Billy Bones, his fancy,"
were very neatly and clearly ex-
posed on the forearm, and up near
the shoulder there was a sketch of a